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II. — *Fifty Years of Classical Studies in America*

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I ACCEPTED lightheartedly the invitation *μακρηγορεῖν ἐν εἰδόσιν*, to tell a long story to those who know it themselves and to inflict upon you a new shudder by recounting to you "was Sie schaudernd selbst erlebt," and it was only when I began to reflect on the possibilities of the theme, what there was in it for me — τὰ ἐνόντα in the Greek, not in the American sense —, that its appalling impossibilities dawned upon me. Emerson says that a public address is "a gag and a non-committal," but that if it were announced that Mr. Grand or Mr. Hand would speak his real mind, the very sick would be carried on litters to hear him. I have known as pupil, colleague, or teacher a considerable proportion of the men who have made the history of which I am to treat. I am a pretty plain-spoken man; but even if I had announced my intention of telling every one of you by name precisely what I think of him and his work, I doubt if the attendance would have been any larger this evening. If serried facts are wanted and would be tolerable in what I too late learned was to be an afterdinner address, how could I compress more into my time than you will find in the twenty-page summary of Sandys or in the articles of Sihler in the *Neue Jahrbücher* for 1902 or in Heidel's occasional summaries of American dissertations in the English *Quarterly*? If philosophic insight set off with sparkling wit were within the compass of the speaker, how could he hope to vie with Professor Gildersleeve's "Oscillations and Nutations" which made memorable the Joint Congress of 1900 and which many of you remember? (Cf. also Gildersleeve on "Classical Studies in America," *Atlantic Monthly*, LXVIII, 728.)

But this is to take both the subject and the speaker too

seriously. You do not wish or expect anything definitive or exhaustive, but merely that the speaker should fill the hour with a sketch of our history as it appears to his limited experience. But even so what can I say that I have not already said in the presidential address in which I made a present to the Association of all my opinions, in the little paper that established my war record three years before the war and got me into hot water in Germany, in "The Case for the Classics," in "The Assault on Humanism," and in the last despairing cry last July, "What to do for Greek"? Gildersleeve always dismisses all apologies for the classics with an ironic reference to his own youthful indiscretion, "The Necessity for the Classics"; and our American insistence on the theme amuses our English brethren, as Hephaistos' excessive *προθυμία* entertained the Homeric gods, and moves a British reviewer of the Princeton volume to this comment:

Honour then the brave three hundred
 Who, like those named of yore,
 Strove to guard from rude barbarians
 Hellas and her sacred lore;
 And let us all determine firmly never to forget
βλώσκω ἔμολον μέμβλωκα, piget, pudet, paenitet.

In applying the principles of my forgotten papers to the present task my chief desire would be to derive from the historical survey encouragement for the future and a little more justice to American scholarship than it usually receives either from Americans themselves or from foreigners.

A plausible, if partial, parallel could be drawn between the history of American scholarship and the history of American literature. In both, the proportion of hope, aspiration, and prophecy is excessive. In both, the historian must guard equally against the brag of provincial chauvinism and the undue self-depreciation of what Herbert Spencer calls the anti-patriotic bias. We may repeat of both what Emerson says of human life in general: "A good deal of buzz and somewhere a result slipped magically in. . . . We never got it

on any dated calendar day. Some heavenly days must have been intercalated somewhere, like those that Hermes won with dice of the moon that Osiris might be born."

In both, the earlier centuries hardly count and the basis of fair comparison is the last hundred or with us the last fifty, not to say thirty, years. In both, injustice is done to America by comparing her output with that of Europe as a whole or only with that of the leaders, Germany, England, France. But when we push it further, the parallel turns into a contrast. At the date of the foundation of our society American literature had passed its first culmination and achieved its first golden age — not it would seem to be repeated or surpassed within the life of this audience.

Classical scholarship, on the other hand, or at least the technical and productive scholarship which is our present concern, was just coming into being. Its development in these fifty years has been a steady progress. The production of the last thirty years outweighs that of the entire history of America from the earliest days. And there was in 1913, and I trust still remains, a reasonable hope that we are standing only at the beginning of America's achievement in this field. One cause of this contrast is obvious. Neither literature nor scholarship can prosper in an environment that withholds from them the indispensable resources and stimulus. Lowell, especially after his European experience, often dwells upon the lack in American life of such intellectual foci as London and Paris. Emerson frequently laments the loneliness of what he calls "the American scholar." But Lowell, Emerson, and their friends nevertheless are sufficient proof that the New England of the first half of the nineteenth century, with all its provincial limitations, had accumulated enough in books, education, and social tradition to support a literature and the kind of culture that he calls scholarship. Technical, professional, productive scholarship it could not support. The minimum condition of that was the libraries, the university apparatus, the body of workers trained in the old-

world tradition that we have acquired only in the last thirty or forty years.

The history of this kind of scholarship begins only a few years before the point where the twenty pages of Sandys' résumé end. It is contemporary history, and to deal with it at all I must name American scholars living and present and compare their work with similar work done in Europe. It is not necessary to compare them with one another. I shall freely give my opinion of European scholarship, but I shall criticize no living American scholar nor assign to any but the one obvious exception a relative rank. Their works will be mentioned only as objective facts or for comparison with European work. Even so, if it is thought advisable to print, I shall take judicious counsel as to what to omit or add, and meanwhile I beg your leniency for what without it is plainly an impossible task.

We may cut very short the conventional proem on the early history of classical studies in America. The New England of 1640 contained a larger proportion of university graduates than is to be found in the New England of today. Cotton Mather quoted the Fathers and Plato as profusely and as uncritically as old Burton. The longs and shorts of *Pietas et Gratulatio* are not noticeably worse than the similar effusions of British loyalty on the accession of George III. Peter Bulkeley, a grandfather of Emerson at the seventh remove, we are told, had "a competently good stroke at Latin Poetry." The optimism of Jefferson boasted that "our farmers are the only ones that read Homer in the original."

The little provincial colleges of the eighteenth century not only trained publicists who, when the Revolution came, could match themselves against the statesmen of Europe, but gave to many of them a command of Latin and a permanent interest in the classics for which you would look in vain in the graduates of today. Jay, after graduating from Columbia, sat down and read Grotius through in the original text, while waiting for clients. The encyclopaedic Jefferson displays

an intelligent interest in a wide range of classical topics from the modern Greek pronunciation to the theory of metric, where his lapses are set right, of course, by FitzHugh. And his correspondence about the Greek and Latin authors with Adams, though amateurish, could not easily be matched today even in the correspondence of Lodge and Roosevelt or other leading statesmen whose testimonials to our cause were secured by the seductive eloquence of Dean West. For all this and for the education of the years following the Revolution I may refer you to FitzHugh's "Letters of Jefferson Concerning Philology and the Classics." I believe he overlooks the passage in which Jefferson's optimism affirms that the only subjects better taught in Europe than in America were vice and *modern* languages. I must also refer you to FitzHugh's "Letters of George Long" for the Southern tradition which runs through Long to Gesner Harrison, to whom as his own predecessor at the University of Virginia Gildersleeve pays a graceful tribute in *Hellas and Hesperia*. And so the beginnings are linked with Gildersleeve and Humphreys.

In the North the agitations of the Revolutionary War brought a lowering of standards in education and culture as the French Revolution did in France, and such as the great war threatens for us. I cannot delay to collect the anecdotes. At Harvard James Otis wrote a Latin prosody before the Revolution. James Fenimore Cooper asserts that his class of 1802 was the first class in Yale College that ever *tried* to scan Latin. The university of Goodell and Seymour and — though I regret to say he is a little too lenient with Bennett's metrical heresies — of Hendrickson can afford to smile at that.

The gradual development of higher ideals at Harvard and Yale and the treasures of learning which a Ticknor or an Everett or a Bancroft brought back from Göttingen are an old story slightly overemphasized in German propaganda. It is at any rate ancient history for us, and no intelligent boy going to Göttingen or Berlin from Harvard or Baltimore in the last thirty years would have written home to his father

that he had never conceived it possible that any human being could know so much Greek as his German professor.

There is nothing of significance to add to Sandys' few notes on the faint beginnings of technical scholarship in this period — unless it may be my personal opinion that Tayler Lewis' edition of the tenth book of Plato's *Laws* is a much more rational performance than many recent monographs on Plato. But at another time and place there should be much to say on American classical culture and classical education in the fifty years from 1820 to 1870. There is a serious lesson for us in the fact, if it is a fact, that the undergraduates of those days were somehow inspired to assimilate more of their classics than any except a few professional students do today. There was not yet the divorce which specialization threatens to bring about between classical study and classical culture. There were no technical journals of philology, but the old *North American Review* printed articles on the new discovery of Cicero's *de Republica*, on Coray's *Aristotle*, reviews of Bancroft's translations of Heeren and of Everett's translation of Buttmann's *Greek Grammar*, which Lowell tells us was republished in England with the Massachusetts omitted after Cambridge, and articles on technical questions of scholarship side by side with literary essays in the style of the *Edinburgh Review*. The old *Dial* of Emerson and Margaret Fuller printed Thoreau's translations of Pindar and Theognis. And the older American literature and oratory, though it possessed no Miltons, Grays, Tennysons, or Swinburnes, could have been produced only by men who had at some time come into vital contact with the classics and to whom the classics, however amateurishly studied, were real literature. We could hardly conceive a twentieth-century lawyer repeating Wirt's advice to young men to quote Latin authors "because the supreme court likes it."

I hope to study the subject more fully elsewhere. Meanwhile I may be permitted to refer to the sketch in my paper on "The Classics and American Literature" published in

the *Chautauquan*, XLIII, 121. The lack of scholarly apparatus was not all loss to that older American classicism of 1820-1870. Gildersleeve's instinctive certainty of feeling for Greek idiom and syntax is, as he himself hints, partly due to assiduous reading of the bare texts of the Attic orators when he was shut out from the world by the Civil War. And, to compare small things with great, my own chief preparation for cutting lectures at Leipzig and Munich was gnawing the file of pocket editions of Aeschylus, Pindar, and Aristotle on the soul while ostensibly reading law. We boast of the progress of philological science, but it is greater in some fields than in others. And I would be willing to maintain against any comer the paradox that Wilamowitz' recent edition of the *Agamemnon* is no improvement on the little Harper text of Paley that I used to carry in my pocket. Of the perhaps two hundred divergences between the two texts the majority, of course, concern trifles or puzzles that will always remain matters of opinion. Of the significant variations in Wilamowitz it would be generous to say that a third are plausible. Paley had little *wissenschaftliche Methode*, but he was deeply read in the Greek tragedians, and there is nothing in the text of his *Agamemnon* so outrageous as five or six of the passages which Wilamowitz annotates "correxī"—nothing to equal the absurdity of the assignment of the axe to be Clytaemnestra's bed-fellow, on which the only adequate commentary would be Gildersleeve's rewriting of an old commentator's translation of the Sophoclean *ψυχρὸν παραγκάλισμα*—'a frigid hugging-piece.'

The crisis of the Civil War had shocked the nation into self-consciousness. American literature had not, in Emerson's phrase, fulfilled the postponed expectation of the world. And the files of the *Nation* and the *Atlantic Monthly* for these years present several premature surveys and some proposals of betterment. "Why have we no *Saturday Review*," queries the *Nation* in 1866? "There are few scholars. The mob of so-called scholars are unapt peasants," wrote Emerson.

In 1867 a bold Utopian avers that the Harvard Library *ought* to have an income of ten thousand dollars. In the same year Higginson's article in the *Atlantic Monthly*, "A Plea for Culture," was widely discussed. He demanded a real university, and made a strong plea for the study of Greek. Felton published his two volumes of Lowell lectures on *Greece Ancient and Modern*. I will not attempt to say how far the founding of this Association, which is said to have been suggested by the Oriental Society, was the outcome of this generalized American awakening and how far it was the inevitable and natural result of the ideals and ambitions which American classicists had brought back from Europe. The establishment of real graduate study and productive scholarship in America was due, and it came rapidly in the next ten, twenty, or twenty-five years. The dates are familiar. The Association in 1868-69, the Johns Hopkins University in 1876, the Archaeological Institute in 1879, the *American Journal of Philology* in 1880, the School at Athens 1881, the emulous development of graduate study at Harvard, Yale, Cornell, through the eighties, the *Cornell Studies* in 1887 introducing in rapid succession the work of Hale, B. I. Wheeler, Botsford, Van Cleef, Bennett, Ferguson on the Athenian secretaries, F. A. Bates, Fairbanks; the *Harvard Studies* in 1890, the foundation of the University of Chicago and of Leland Stanford about 1892, the extension of the idea of graduate study to the state universities and indeed to every ambitious college faculty in the country, *Classical Philology*, the *Classical Journal*, and the Classical Association of the Middle West and South in 1906, and the other branch and state associations that make scholarly fellowship possible for those who are not always able to undertake the journey to attend our meetings.

In recalling these dates for our guidance I have no intention of raising questions of priority with regard to graduate study in classics. Yale's bid for priority is James Morris Wheton, 1861, with a dissertation on the expansive theme,

Ars longa, vita brevis. In 1863 follows Lewis Packard, subject unknown. Packard is now chiefly remembered for a pleasant little volume of papers of which the most important, "The Beginning of Written Literature among the Greeks," ought to have checked Professor Murray's fanciful mysticism about the *γράμματα* in his *Rise of the Greek Epic*. But unless we count Manatt's *Earlier and Later Edition of the Clouds*, 1873, and Perrin's *Electra and Choephoroi Compared*, 1876, the first serious Yale dissertation is Tarbell's *Notes on the Philippians*, 1879, which he converted into an excellent school edition the next year. Then followed in quick succession the well-known names of Goodell, 1884, Platner, 1885, Burnam and Clapp, 1886, Buck, 1889, Frank Gardner Moore, 1890, with a dissertation which I suspect anticipates a paper of mine, Abbott and Capps, 1891, and so on to the *iuniores* whom I cannot enumerate.

Harvard lists among its doctors William Everett, 1875, and John Williams White, 1877 — but the dissertations are not produced in evidence. As a Harvard undergraduate in 1876, I read with a curious eye the announcement of the first Johns Hopkins fellowship on the bulletin board. Being a precocious undergraduate I was at that time attending what I, perhaps erroneously, supposed to be the very first Harvard graduate class in Greek, which was even harder to distinguish from an undergraduate class than my own seminar is today. Columbia's classical dissertations begin with McCrea, *The State as Conceived by Plato and Aristotle*. Once in the game she followed it up vigorously with Mortimer Lamson Earle in 1889 and Knapp in 1890.

But this line of commentary would be infinite and unprofitable. What we have to remember is that, despite a little fumbling and naïveté at the start, a sufficient number of the founders were entirely competent to play the game according to the German rules and possibly to devise American improvements. Several of them had tracked the Ph. D. thesis to its native lair in the Teutoburger Wald, and had

triumphantly brought back desiccated and mounted specimens as trophies to America. The dissertation *Res gestae Smyrnaeorum* of Georgius Martinus Lane, Americanus, Göttingen, 1851, is, as Shakespeare would put it, extant and writ in choice Latin. Gildersleeve's *De Porphyrii studiis Homericis* dates from Göttingen, 1853, Goodwin's *De potentiae veterum gentium maritimae epochis apud Eusebium* from 1855, Humphreys' *Quaestiones metricae* from Leipzig, 1874. Humphreys got his dissertation reprinted in the *Transactions* on the plea that the German reviewers had been unfair. To have written a doctoral dissertation was a distinction in that innocent dawn, when it was bliss to be alive.

Minton Warren's *Ne* dates from 1881. From that time till 1913 the ample stream of American doctoral dissertations made in Germany did not cease to flow. I have glanced through a number of these dissertations and believe that the severest judgment of a fairminded German philologist upon them would be that of the man in Tennyson's *Princess* — "They hunt old trails as well as we."

We had from the beginning, then, a small but sufficient number of American leaders capable of guiding dissertations. A summary of American work in this kind would properly be the first chapter of an exhaustive review that would go on to speak of journal articles and studies and then of books. I have examined a large number of American dissertations. But to name and discuss their content would exceed my limits. There is time only to touch on three or four indispensable topics: the quality of our dissertations, the whole question of our relation to German scholarship, which they suggest, and the occasional attacks made upon the dissertation in the name of a broader and more liberal culture.

To waive minor questions of priority and detail, the main stream of American dissertations begins with the Hopkins dissertations of the early eighties; towards the nineties Harvard, Yale, and Columbia add their contributions — to be supplemented soon by Chicago, Michigan, Wisconsin,

Princeton, and at last by any institution which possessed an ambitious scholar who could get appropriations from the trustees. In the absence of competition and the unpreparedness of students some of the earlier dissertations were a little thin — but never more so than a large proportion of German dissertations today. With the broader movement of the nineties the standard rose, and in 1913 the American dissertation occupied a place midway between the ordinary German product, of which 18,000 are said to have been turned out in a decade or two, and the French doctoral thesis which is usually a book. The American dissertation is today distinctly superior to the average German performance. If we will not recognize this ourselves, we cannot expect recognition of it from the Germans, or from the British who do not in their hearts believe in dissertations. But in fairness to ourselves and justice to our students we ought to rescue from oblivion and use in our own teaching and work many excellent American dissertations, which we now neglect in order to quote inferior German work on the same subject. This observation applies also to American articles and books. And, indeed, it suggests the whole question of our relation to foreign scholarship in general and our teachers, the Germans, in particular. I have no desire to repeat after the war what I said sufficiently before. The Germans were in fact our teachers, and, whatever the passion of our political convictions, most of us retain our admiration for the industry and organization of German scholarship, and cherish pleasant memories of our discipleship. Both for these reasons and in the interests of humanity as well as of the humanities we trust that Wilamowitz was correctly reported as saying that *die Wissenschaft* is a higher and a neutral sphere; and that the apparently contradictory sentences of the preface to his *Plato* admit of a milder interpretation. We hope that there may be an immediate renewal of courteous relations — not precluding personal cordiality in individual cases. But the first condition of this is a somewhat greater degree of inde-

pendence and equality than has been in the minds of either in the past. They must treat us as equals whether they deem us such or not.

Yet, after all, what concerns us is not the German state of mind but our own. And those of us who persist in detailed criticism of German work are not actuated by a spirit of carping ingratitude. We wish to establish a tradition of the independence of American scholarship. There are still too many Americans who regard a German book as in itself an authority. Whereas, except in the merest matters of fact, a German philological enquiry is, owing to the abuse of conjecture and the pyramiding of hypothesis, almost never a safe authority about anything. It is at best a stimulating discussion of and a helpful index to the sources, which must always be independently verified. The German philological mind, like the German political mind, is fertile and ingenious in the multiplication of arguments for a chosen thesis or a foregone conclusion. It cannot be trusted to weigh them. Few recent German scholars have taken to heart Ritschl's commandment: "Thou shalt not believe that ten bad reasons equal one good one." And the leaders of the present generation too often forgot the solemn admonition of Niebuhr: "Above all things, in every branch of literature and science, ought we to preserve our truth so pure, as utterly to shun all false show; *so as never to assert anything, however slight, for certain of which we are not thoroughly convinced; so as to take the utmost pains when we are expressing a conjecture to make the degree of unbelief apparent.*"

Unfortunately criticism of the Germans is too often used as a cover for an assault on all critical and exact scholarship. And the German-American doctoral dissertation in particular is singled out for reprobation as the culmination of all pedantries and the extinguisher of all genuine human and humanistic and literary interest in classical study. Professor James' lively screed, "The Ph. D. Octopus," set the key for this kind of declamation. Journalists like Mencken

Littell and Francis Hackett and their followers are never weary of harping on this string. And even so intelligent friends of the classics as Irving Babbitt and Paul Elmer More sometimes lent their authority to the loose talk about a philological autocracy that encloses the Elysian Fields of Greek and Latin literature with a thorny hedge of pedantry. I spoke of this in my presidential address; and in a review of Babbitt in the *Nation* I think I somewhat modified More's attitude and policy. Gildersleeve said the last word on the subject in two or three paragraphs of Brief Mention, and others have written sensibly and to my thinking conclusively about it. But the gibe at the doctor's dissertation is still a favorite journalistic and belletristic topic. And we need to remind ourselves from time to time how slight is its basis in reason and truth. It begins by confounding graduate with undergraduate study, and goes on to assume that the narrowest linguistic subject that a satirist can discover is typical of all American dissertations and is imposed by the instructor rather than, as often happens, chosen by the student, and that such dissertation work occupies the entire three or four years of graduate study, and defines the character and limits of the writer's entire classical scholarship and interests. Not one of these assumptions is true. The earliest dissertations were naturally largely linguistic, but the American doctor's dissertation now covers a wide range of varied and interesting topics from the cults of Lesbos to the scholia on hypokrisis. In most institutions there is considerable freedom of choice. Instructors are well pleased when a competent student is willing to undertake a broad and interesting subject, and the discipline and restraint and security of the narrower topic is often the student's own preference. The dissertation is in short a perfectly flexible educational tool, and an indispensable test of the last year or two of graduate study, and there is nothing to prevent the teacher and student making what they will of it. A considerable proportion of the published dissertations are real contributions to knowledge, and a fair

number of them are quite readable. Their average, as I have said, is distinctly superior to that of German dissertations. When these plain facts are pointed out the tirades ought to cease. That they continue is partly due to their rhetorical convenience. A fling at pedantry always gets a hand or wins a laugh from the audience. But it is also in part an expression of the ungenerous and jealous attitude towards American scholarship which I have already deplored. We may possibly deserve this by our marked inferiority not only to all foreign scholars, but to all other intellectuals in America and to all teachers of other subjects — but we can hardly be expected ourselves to favor that explanation, despite the suggestion of Holmes in his life of Emerson, that there may be something in our climatic or other conditions which tends to scholastic and artistic anaemia and insufficiency. Theodore Roosevelt's name, with two other presidents, heads the Princeton list of tributes to the classics. How it got there, perhaps Dean West could tell us. But when Roosevelt was rough-riding on his own in literature the encouragement he gave us was simply to sneer at the man who spends his youth in a German University and can thenceforth work only in the fields fifty times furrowed by German plows. This was of course a bluff. He had not compared the last twenty volumes of the *A. J. P.*, or of *Classical Philology*, or the fifty best American doctoral dissertations with similar products in Germany. But the public takes it as the verdict of a connoisseur.

My space does not allow me to work out such a comparison. I can only suggest it. In 1905 appeared the volume by Kroll on the *Altertumswissenschaft im letzten Vierteljahrhundert*. Its enumerations are imposing to an uncritical and impressive to a fairminded reader. But a critical examination would make large abatements. We may waive the point that it is in fact, though not in profession, a record of German achievement only; that the chapter on Greek grammar does not mention Gildersleeve and Goodwin, and that there is no

reference to Jebb or Croiset in the chapter on Greek literature. We are used to that. Karl Lamprecht lectured on nineteenth century historiography at St. Louis and named a score or so of German historians, but not one French, English, or American name.

But much of the progress recorded is purely illusory — the setting up of theories by one German philologist to be bowled down by another, the only net result being a reputation for both. The opening chapter on Greek metric, for example, is quite literally nugatory. Greek metric was taught at Bryn Mawr in 1886 as effectively as Wilamowitz taught it in Berlin in 1913, and I would confidently match the last little Pindar class at Chicago with any seven readers that Germany could produce — professors or students. If you think that unbecoming petulance or American brag let me remind you that Karl Mutzbauer in his *Grundbedeutung des Konjunktivs* quotes *Aen.* VIII, 560 in the form *O si praeteritos Jupiter mihi referat annos*, with short *Jupiter*, that Leo cites Pope's famous line in the form "the proper study of mankind's man," that Ferrero quotes Horace's epistle to Augustus *cum tot sustineas tanta et negotia solus* with long *nēgotia*, that Christ uses the roughly anapaestic "Erlkönig" as an example of weighty trochees and light tripping dactyls. Why should any American who possesses an ear worry about their theories of metric? Our native product, which shall be nameless, of mare's nests in that kind is amply sufficient.

In the field of Greek philosophy no other country can match the names of Zeller and Diels. They have done the work and theirs should be the praise. But there are critics in both England and America of keener philosophical insight and surer judgment. Kroll's survey is largely occupied with the futile literature of the dating of the Platonic dialogues. It commends Lutoslawski's *Origin and Growth of Plato's Logic* as a notable contribution to science. That is a decisive test case. No one who knows Greek and is familiar with Plato could possibly praise Lutoslawski's book if he had read it.

It fairly swarms with 'howlers.' This is an extreme case of a weakness that pervades the entire book of Kroll. The judgments are perfunctory, not critical. We hear of *bahn-brechenden Untersuchungen* and of a dozen or so of masterly volumes. But it is rarely possible to put your finger on any definite acquisition of new truth, and there is no hint that many of the masterly books were evidently written in haste from first impressions of texts that the writers had read up as they wrote, and that nearly all of them need to be recomposed, abbreviated, and weeded of the errors that make them unsafe guides for all but the most cautious students.

Still it is an impressive survey, and for that twenty-five years no other country could equal it unless possibly England in her totally different and brilliantly amateurish way. But if a record were now made up on the basis of the past thirty years I think America would be at least a good second. We do not realize our riches. American work is scattered, imperfectly recorded in bibliographies, and much of it is argumentative, discursive, allusive, critical, and suggestive rather than systematically and exhaustively expository. Not only are our colleagues in other departments unfair to us; we are unfair to one another. We have not learned to quote one another without either flattery or offense. Many of us think it more scholarly, as the English still do and, to judge by the most recent publications (as, for example, Barker's *Political Thought of Plato and Aristotle*) always will, to quote any German book — a Joel, a Dümmler, as well as a Wilamowitz.

Even Gildersleeve, who complains of the scholar who quotes a German program of 1848 which is superseded by a good Hopkins dissertation, will give twice the consideration to a study of Prodicus and Greek synonyms in the Drerup series, which completely misses the point as to Plato's relation to Prodicus, that he would give to an American essay that got it right. Even Gildersleeve says American scholars do not produce emendations — which is to forget Harry — and me, and Earle, and Heidel. But that was before Harry and

the notes department of *Classical Philology* got under full steam. Gildersleeve has since made ample amends to Earle's work. Being my friend, he has never told me what he thinks of my emendations.

But to play for a moment with the suggestion of an all-American Kroll covering the last thirty years. It would include, in addition to all the dissertations and journal articles, the grammars and annotated school and college texts, rather better on the whole than those of Europe, all the American contributions to the Loeb series, all the encyclopaedia articles, all the archaeological work, which belongs elsewhere, the revised Goodwin's *Moods and Tenses* and his *Meidias* and *Oration on the Crown*, Gildersleeve's *Essays and Studies*, his *Greek Syntax* and *Hellas and Hesperia*, Seymour's *Homeric Life*, Hale's *Latin Grammar*, Bennett's *Syntax of Early Latin*, Morris' *Principles and Methods*, Lodge's *Lexicon Plautinum*, Goodell's *Chapters on Greek Metric*, White's *Scholia of Aristophanes* and his *Forms of Greek Verse*, Buck's *Greek Dialects* and *Oscan-Umbrian Grammar*, Sturtevant's *Linguistic Change*, Smyth's *Melic Poets* and his *Ionic Dialect*, Ferguson's *Greek Imperialism*, Sihler's *Annals of Caesar*, Abbott's *Society and Politics in Ancient Rome*, Capp's *Menander* and his *Homer to Theocritus*, Flickinger's *Greek Theatre*, Allen's *Greek Theatre of the Fifth Century Before Christ*, Tenney Frank's *Roman Imperialism*, Linforth's *Solon*, Allinson's *Lucian*, Merrill's *Lucretius*, Smith's *Tibullus*, Mrs. Wright's *History of Greek Literature*, Fowler's *History of Greek Literature*, the Columbia volume on the *History of Greek Literature*, Carter's *Religious Life of Ancient Rome*, Sanders' work on the *Freer Gospels*, Prentice's *Greek and Latin Inscriptions in Syria*, Clark's *Ammianus Marcellinus*, Mustard's *Mantuanus* and his *Sanazzaro*, the *Studies* dedicated to Gildersleeve, the classical papers in the *St. Louis Studies*, and in the University of Chicago *Decennial Publications*, the Greenough and Goodwin volumes of *Harvard Studies*, the Charles Forster Smith volume of Wisconsin, the University of Michigan volumes of *Human-*

istic Studies, the Earle volume of classical papers, the volume of Morgan's *Essays and Addresses*, and the volume of *Harvard Essays*.

It is in comparison with what we might have done and hope to do a slight result. But you cannot match it outside of England, France, and Germany, and I should wish every German book admitted to the competition to be submitted to a much severer scrutiny than German books signed by great names usually receive. Even Heidel was bluffed by Jaeger's *Nemesius* a few years ago. And what reviewer who has enjoyed the stimulus of Norden's lectures or the pleasure of his conversation can tell the whole truth about the 'combinations' of *Agnostos Theos*? Who but the present writer, in whom it will be imputed to malice, will ever point out the long list of demonstrable errors, not in obiter dicta but affecting the argument, in Wilamowitz' *Plato*? Gercke is a useful scholar and as a great authority writes the Kroll survey of Latin literature. And his authority may pass unchallenged so long as nobody with a sense of humor and a literary sense reads him. But read his *Entstehung der Aeneis* with its application of "die Analyse" as "Grundlage der höheren Kritik." Compare it with such a delicate literary appreciation as Rand's "Ovid," and ask yourself whether you would not prefer for the interpretation of Virgil, Prescott or Grant Showerman or Slaughter, or half a dozen other Americans, to a critic who is capable of the argument that the seventh book of the *Aeneid* was written first because the fact that Aeneas' men leap ashore to visit the *adhuc ignota flumina* proves that Aeneas had not yet heard of the Tiber, or who perpetrates the emendation *per mare jactatum fatum* for *quidve dolens regina deum*.

Another way of approach would be the departmental, and here again I can only allude and suggest. Archaeology is taken care of in another paper. I am not competent to speak of pure linguistics. I cannot with propriety say much of Greek philosophy. And in other departments, though I

could speak of what Bacon calls the advancement of learning, my scepticism would hinder me from enlarging upon the progress of science and scientific method.

In syntax American preëminence is recognized—in America. The collections of Kühner-Gerth and the statistics of Schanz may be a convenience, but the pupils of Gildersleeve, Goodwin, Humphreys, and Bennett do not need to sit at the feet of philologists who take τῶνδε τὰ ἕτερα ποιεῖν for an ablative genitive, and who interpret πρὶν ἐλθεῖν νῆας Ἀχαιῶν as accusative of limit of motion. Whether for practical educative purposes or for what Gildersleeve calls taking spectrum gratings of the subjunctive we have made this field our own. And although it is a specialty which does not attract me, I have no sympathy with the dilettanti who take it as the text or pretext of denunciations of American narrowness and pedantry, or who deny the uses of these studies because of their occasional abuse in the undergraduate classroom. The study of grammar, as Professor John Earle says, is the study of logic and psychology. Analysis of syntax and idiom, as Gildersleeve preaches by precept and practice, is indissolubly bound up with literary interpretation. Professor Postgate once wrote a paper on flaws in classical research, a title whose comprehensiveness reminds me of Chesterton's *What's Wrong with the World* or the lost treatise of Protagoras περὶ τῶν οὐκ ὀρθῶς τοῖς ἀνθρώποις πρassoμένων. But the chief flaw in classical research is that the researchers cannot or will not construe their texts correctly. Syntax alone will not remedy that defect. Vocabulary and idiom perhaps count for more, but syntax is at least a pointer. The conditions made it inevitable that the first ten volumes of the *Transactions* and the earlier dissertations should be almost exclusively linguistic and syntactical, dealing with some errors in the Algonquin language and the "hopeless casuistry of a perfidious syntax."

But the conditions and American practice have completely changed in the past thirty years and it is cheap rhetoric or worse to repeat diatribes that have lost their pertinency. The

first number of the *A. J. P.* opens with Goodwin's article on *δίκαι ἀπὸ συμβόλων* and *ἐκκλητος πόλις* — a hint, if one were needed, that the older leaders were no more limited to syntax than the new scholarship professes to be. You will perhaps pardon my personal interest for dwelling a moment on this particular illustration. Goodwin never published much in Greek law, but his teaching of the subject in connection with the Attic orators was marked by his usual common sense, lucidity, and a refreshingly American point of view. The appendices to his *Oration on the Crown* would be salutary reading for German specialists, and for those American historians of Greece who learned in Prussia to teach American youth to sneer at Demosthenes' futile resistance to the military empire of the north and to prefer Wilamowitz' estimate of Plutarch to Emerson's. Goodwin's illustrations of Greek public and private law by American analogies kindled an interest in my mind which was confirmed by my own study of law. At one time I expected to write on the subject, but other interests prevailed and my rôle became merely that of a catalytic substance or rather of a passive transmitter of the impulse to my pupil Professor Bonner, himself a trained lawyer. I, of course, must not attempt to characterize Bonner's work, but it is a fact that, apart from his own production, he has inspired a young school of workers in this field, one of whom, Calhoun, we have on the program of this meeting. They are actively investigating and publishing, and unless all American scholarship is to be swallowed up in a new dark age of pseudo-science and vocational education it is a safe prediction that within ten years American work in this department will compare favorably with that of any country whatsoever.

I have neither time nor competence to discuss American work in the adjoining domain of political institutions and antiquities. But the most superficial review must at least recall the names of Adams, Abbott, Bates, Botsford, Bonner, Capps, Ferguson, Frank, Johnson, Robbins, Westermann.

The Greek drama has always especially engaged the attention of Americans. The few plays read in the old-fashioned college curriculum left a deep impression on the minds of students of literary interests. Lowell, in particular, though not a critical scholar, is always worth listening to when he compares the Greek drama with Shakespeare and the Elizabethans. The old annotated texts of single Greek plays prepared by college presidents and other worthies were quite respectable for their time, and the numerous later editions based upon the German contained enough new matter to justify Gildersleeve's regret that their authors thus persisted in proclaiming their dependence. Frederick D. Allen modestly labelled his recasting of Wecklein's *Prometheus* a translation, with the result that it is listed among American translations of Aeschylus in that useful, but uncritical, 1918 Columbia University comparative literature study on *English Translations from the Greek* by S. M. K. Foster. It is possible to study in good American editions a large proportion of extant Greek plays — about twenty, to be exact. And there are, to my regretful knowledge, others in manuscript. We cannot confine the newer American study of the Greek drama within the limits of a school. Good or tolerable dissertations and readable papers are likely to turn up anywhere from Maine to California. But it is fair to mention at least the many thoughtful papers on the interpretation and literary criticism of Greek tragedy that proceed directly or indirectly from Harvard, and the school of Greek scenic antiquities inspired by Capps will occur to every one. Flickinger's 1918 book, *The Greek Theatre and Its Drama*, sums up for the present both his own work and this entire movement. And also incidentally, like Tenney Frank's *Roman Imperialism*, or Abbott's *Society and Politics in Ancient Rome*, being largely a revision of journal articles it illustrates what I speak of elsewhere, the prospect there was in 1913 for many good American books made by the putting together of the material we have been so rapidly accumulating. There are at least a dozen

men in the country who could select from their work of the last two decades the materials of a respectable volume or two if publishers were more cordial. Flickinger uses with acknowledgement the recent work of at least thirty American scholars, and I could name half as many more whom he could have used had his book been enlarged to include the style and the moral content of Greek tragedy.

My ignorance prevents the elaboration of other examples which I divine, and our lack of the German mass formation compels us to invoke the rule *tres faciunt collegium* if we are to discover a school in every genuine instance of the transmission of the authentic impulse from teacher to pupil. Have we a school of Aristophanic scholarship? We had at least in John Williams White and Gildersleeve two unmatched directors of Aristophanic study. And in our regret that they have not found time to publish in systematic form their accumulations of knowledge we should not forget what they and their pupils have actually done — the two books of John Williams White, the penetrating and pregnant commentary of Brief Mention on the Aristophanic literature of thirty years, the editions of Forman and Humphreys, the dissertations of Murray, Pepler, Hope, and others.

American work on Greek rhetoric and ancient literary criticism has proceeded from at least four disconnected centers which can hardly be denominated as schools. There is Gildersleeve, of course, and Hendrickson and his pupils, and Van Hook, and myself, and others. Much of this work is forgotten and overlooked by European workers in the field. But as one of the few who have examined both I am not afraid to say that in quality if not in quantity it is better than most recent German work on the same subject. Single chapters of Burgess' *Epideictic Literature* are fuller in their treatment than entire German dissertations of later dates on the same topic.

President Scott, I am sure, will not feel that I am betraying a confidence if I take him for another illustration. Seymour

taught the *Odyssey* to Yale freshmen for many a weary year. I am not 'knocking' Yale freshmen, for Hendrickson after he was translated to that higher sphere once gravely confided to me that their exacting cultural standards made teaching Horace to them a more exhausting drain on his energies than the conduct of graduate classes at Chicago had been. But we don't at first think of teaching Yale freshmen the *Odyssey* as conducive to original production. Seymour, however, was thereby led like some other Americans actually to read Homer before writing about him; and when he did write, he contrived to convey more helpful information in the same space than you will find in the Homeric books of any other nation. Seymour, our fastidious journalists would say, is a typical example of the arid anæmic plodding uninspired American classicist. He did not possess the genius and certainly did not emulate the flights of Wilamowitz and Murray. But you will conveniently find in his books more things about Homer that are so than you will easily discover elsewhere. If you can get inspiration only from the things that are not so, then I recommend the *Homerische Untersuchungen* and the *Rise of the Greek Epic*, though Cauer's *Grundfragen* runs them close.

I do not know whether Seymour founded a school of Homeric study at Yale. But one summer he came to lecture at Chicago and there caught Scott's sensitive heart on the rebound from Baltimore, and determined for the time being his vocation, with the results that you all know. If I were not here under bonds to be "neutral even in thought," I might be tempted to say that the Unitarians have won. But while Bolling still bombards the Scott trenches that would be rash. I can at least say, after Gildersleeve, that Unitarianism is now respectable, and it is an American scholar who can say, "I did it with my little critical hatchet." Scott has not yet founded a school. But as Protagoras in Plato says of an aspiring Greek youth and pupil, "there is still hope, for he is young." Or it may be that in this case a school would be

supererogatory, for, as it was said of Andrew Lang that he was not an author but a syndicate, so we may say that Scott is an American school of Homeric criticism in himself.

Our not inconsiderable work in Greek and Roman religion is too sporadic to be designated as a school. But there is at least the unity of an increasing interest which will soon bear fruit in solid publication. Meanwhile we have the book of Clifford Moore and the studies of Campbell Bonner, Laing, Hadzsits, Linforth, Pease, Reiss, and a number of good Cornell, Bryn Mawr, Chicago, and other dissertations.

A few of our students of religion, I regret to say, pursue the *ignis fatuus* of pseudo-science on the trail of Miss Harrison and Mr. Cornford into the swamp of 'after-philologie.' There exist American dissertations that test the style of Virgil and Lucretius by Wundt's untenable distinction between apperception and association; or deduce and reconstruct all pre-Hellenistic Roman literature from the communal *dance*. Students of my own have volunteered to interpret Platonic love for me by the doctrine of the Freudian wish. And both at home in Chicago, and as visiting lecturer at other universities, I have found it impracticable to guard my classes from the contamination of the classical books which by some fad or fatality are always most prominent on the reference shelves of the departments of sociology, psychology, history, and 'general literature.' Only a firm original constitution of common sense and strong timely injections of criticism will secure immunity from this prevailing infection. The teachers who write for the classical journals and weeklies are beginning to emulate instead of fight their colleagues of the schools of education, and show how Latin too can be taught without tears in the light of the new psychology. *Fas est ab hoste doceri* is the tag that they substitute for *timeo Danaos*. Still, as a whole, American studies of Greek and Roman religion are relatively sane. They hold a middle position between those German philologists who, entrenched in their specialties, have never heard of tabus, totems, corn

daemons and year spirits, and the English, half of whom have 'congregationalized' their souls in the train of Murray's Bacchants, Burnet's Pythagorean Socrates, and Verrall's psychical researches — while the other half exploit the delusion, I suspect, with tongue in cheek.

The eloquence of Professor Murray, who plays with this as he does with every new combination of Wilamowitz for purposes of "general literary gorgeousness," has much to answer for. An ecstatic auditor of his lecture on Stoicism announced that the classical equivalent and exact synonym of what the poet of Spoon River scans as *libido* had at last been revealed. It was the Stoic *φύσις*. But I am again forgetting that in this paper I must be neutral even in my thoughts of pseudo-science, Greek metric, Platonic philosophy, and the Homeric question.

I hardly know whether to speak of Roman satura as a school or a pugilistic ring or a fencing school. It is at any rate, to shift the figure, a field of notable American activity, and the crops that its cultivators can raise from a single patch of Livy have always filled me with amazement and respectful awe even where they most embarrass me in my editorial capacity.

There is going to be, I suspect, an American school of Strabo scholarship, but I am not clear whether the lines run from Sterrett to Jones or from Robinson and Weller to the *paulo-post* future tense. These are but a few of many possible examples. For all I know there may be schools of the sequence of tenses, of the difference between prospective and anticipatory, and the distinction between conceptual and volitive *μή*.

Brother West will soon be speaking for himself and may tell us whether, in an Americanism which Gildersleeve defends against the purists, he 'claims' to have established at Princeton a school for the interpretation of St. Augustine and the *Microwingian* authors.

But *ridentem dicere verum*. I have no intention to mock

at what is the scholar's chief reward, the transmission on however small a scale to his pupil, of the impulse to carry on the work that will live when he has passed away. Many of you must be acquainted with examples that have escaped me or for which I have no space. In many cases accident or unfavorable environment blights the germ. A man who might have founded a little school and enriched American scholarship by the development of another specialty is by our wasteful system drafted into a deanship or a presidency and lost to learning, or he combats the cost of living by lecturing to woman's clubs and writing for the magazines. Or at the critical moment of his career there happens to be no vacancy in a graduate school and he misses the stimulus of teaching graduate students. Diels and other specialists acquainted with Heidel's work on the pre-Socratics would not accuse me of puffing a friend if I said that he obviously was and is fitted to lead an American group of investigators in this field.

This review is concerned chiefly with tendencies, averages, masses, and the normal representative scholar. Great scholarship is as incalculable and as rare as genius. We cannot predict it and no system will produce it. It happens, however, that Germany, England, and America have in the past fifty years produced each one preëminent scholar who may be taken as representative. I see no impropriety in a brief comparison for this purpose of Jebb, Wilamowitz, and Gildersleeve. I wish to tell you plainly what most of you know, that the American representative holds his own. Only so far as this purpose requires it shall I be guilty of the impertinence of seeming to rank them and assign their grades. In what may be called the virtuosity of scholarship Jebb is easily first, not only of this group but of all European scholars since the Renaissance. He is perhaps the only man since Pindar who could have written the "Boulogna Ode" and the Pindaric version of Abt Vogler. He is of course much more than a virtuoso. He is in his *Attic Orators*, his *Homer*, his

lectures on *Greek Poetry*, his *Bacchylides*, his *Bentley*, the safest, the sanest, most truly classical interpreter of the classics that the nineteenth century saw. And his commentary on Sophocles is so far superior in linguistic subtlety and delicacy of literary feeling to anything that Germany has produced in that kind that the Germans cannot perceive its superiority. But if the promulgation of ingenious hypotheses or the discovery of distinctively new truth is the sole test of a scholar, he would rank third.

By natural, if illogical, inference from his own favorite principle that he who makes no mistakes makes nothing, Wilamowitz would certainly rank first. For his mistakes are at least proportionate to the number of stimulating suggestions that he has put forth. Some of you may deem this ungracious. It is at any rate not post-bellum prejudice, for I said it three years before the war. I am not really ungrateful to Wilamowitz for his indefatigable labors, and the immense impulse he has given to investigation. And if he and his admirers were content with the title of *primus inter pares*, abandoning the attitude of the super-scholar, I would not invidiously scrutinize the claims of one whose favorite formula is that any one who does not share his opinion has no right "mitzureden," and who says that it is superfluous "Akribie" to warn the reader of his emendations when they are certain.

Gildersleeve is one of us and perhaps too near and dear for impartial measurement. But as his *Pindar* might have said had he used the Whitmanian dialect of the American language, Gildersleeve's achievements make it a safe bet for his encomiast to yawp it over the roofs of the world that most of the men in this room have learned more Greek from him than from the other two scholars taken together, and that if his scattered and too often overlooked work could be collected and systematized the tomes of Wilamowitz would not outweigh it in any judicious scales. To say nothing of the wit, wisdom, and eloquence of the wide-ranging "Essays

and Studies," those who "never had a chance to see his notes on Justin Martyr," who have not read the text and translated the notes of his *Pindar* with successive classes, who have not compared his Latin grammar with other mechanical compilations, who have not kept up with Brief Mention for the past forty years, have no conception of the stores of helpful and pregnant suggestion cached in those depositories. In sheer insight into the structure and genius of the Greek language he has no equal. Professor Sandys having to translate Pindar snaps up his points like a construing school-boy. No English-speaking scholar can teach Greek without plagiarizing Gildersleeve's phrases and formulas. As a teacher of Greek far beyond the range of his own classroom he is easily first. Wilamowitz has published many big volumes and a long series of *Lesefrüchte* filled with more or less plausible conjectures, and has won many a famous victory. But what came of it? What do you remember of it all? What definite new and true thing have you learned? You will not find it easy to say. Whereas you can hardly pick up a number of Brief Mention, even among those which an unfriendly critic might deem the most discursive, frivolous, and repetitious, without learning something about Greek or the history of literature or linguistic analysis and literary criticism, that is worth knowing and that you did not know, without receiving some suggestion that will prove of helpful application in your own reading and study. No, if we are to be judged by our leader we need fear no comparisons.

But the praise of old age, however glorious, is not the note on which we should conclude. We have had seemingly irreparable losses in the past few years — Goodwin and Lane and Minton Warren and Greenough and Wright and Morgan and D'Ooge and Wilson and Kirby Smith and Clapp and Wheeler and John Williams White. But as I look into the faces of my own students here and the students of my colleagues, and reflect who after all are the chief contributors now to the *Transactions*, the *A. J. P.* and *Classical Philology*,

who are the writers of the respectable or excellent dissertations and studies that pour in from every quarter, old tags of classic consolation rise to my lips—"the losses of the heavens new moons shall soon repair"; and I repeat once more, for its sentiment, and not to illustrate the uses of *δέ γέ*, the chant of the three generations at Sparta :

We once were lusty youngsters — long ago ;
Such are we still, and if you doubt us look ;
We shall outstrip you both when time is ripe.

So may it be.